

HALO, Critical Strike

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Summary: a marines story. this takes place right before the first chapter of Fall of Reach. its about Locklear from the 3rd book.

R&R

1. Chapter 1

****HALO****

Critical ****

Strike****

By

Jerod Botts

****Invasion****

****January18, 2535****

****Lamdba Serpentis System, above Jericho VII ****

****Aboard UNSC destroyer _Excalibur_****

"Lieutenant, report."

"Nothing on the scanners captain."

"Mmhhhh."

"Sir, Is there something wrong?" all six of the young lieutenants looked at him. They had never seen him so worried.

They wanted to know why they were on a simple patrol mission with such special ordinance. For example command was more than happy to give us eight tactical nukes, the extra 50 missile pods, extra ammo for our main MAC cannon, the extra long sword space fighters, the

small escort cruiser that flew not to far from them, and the two-hundred marines. It looks like we were going to the front lines to fight the Covenant.

He gave an unintentional shudder at the thought of them. It has been many hard years sense they first appeared, with their advanced technology in shields, weapons, and strategies. He had been what, 24 no 25 when he first joined the UNSC. He had joined up for the fleet right away with his friends, and then the covenant came. Most of his friends are dead now.

He could tell them what's wrong this whole god forsaken war was wrong. He decided to tell them the best thing he could.

"No," he lied. "Nothing is wrong"

He went back to his thinking. What will happen to these young men and woman?

Lieutenant Jay Jenkins was worried about the captain. Captain William J. Travis was one of the best he'd served with, he took his job seriously with pride and respect. Although he was nearing fifty, Travis still was one of the best. As far as Jenkins new he didn't have any family. Travis was a healthy looking man, he had some gray in his hair, and little wrinkles on his face, but he could still take Jenkins probably. Jenkins had a simple station scanners, and emergency procedures. He was twenty nine now, senior lieutenant on the command bridge. He couldn't wait to get home to his girl. While lieutenant Murphy was weapons systems and ammo, he is twenty seven. He was always the serious one. Lieutenant Jefferson at navigation was always the first on deck and last to leave. He is twenty six. The two sub lieutenants at damage report stations, the only two girls on the command deck, Allen and Lasky, were cousins. Each was twenty five. Jenkins didn't really even have to do anything because the escort cruiser had far better scanners then they did.

"Lieutenant Reuscher get me an uplink to commander Merago's ship," ordered the captain.

"Aye, aye captain."

Commander Merago was one of his oldest friends; they've had good times together. They graduated from the fleet academy together.

"Uplink ready sir."

A hazy video of a slightly portly man appears on screen.

"Travis it's been so long!" said Merago cheerfully, as he sets aside his mustache brush.

"Indeed it has my friend," said Travis, "have you picked up anything yet? This mission gives me the spooks."

"Not yet, but you never know. I mean haven't even reached the half way point, there could be an ambush at the edge of the system"

"Commander," cut in a voice in the background, "I think you should

look at this."

"One moment Travis," Travis watched screen two as Merago walked over to a screen and glanced at it.

"Captain," said Lieutenant Jenkins, "the scanners are scrambling up, but I think it's because a large asteroid is coming out of stream space."

"This can't be right," said Merago in the background as the screen started to fuzz, "check the auxiliary powerâ€¦."

"God damn it!" shouted the captain as he was thrown from his chair by a humongous explosion. He felt a sharp pain in his wrist as he hit the railing. "What the hell was that!"

"I think it was the asteroid sir," murmured a very dazed lieutenant Jenkins, as he picked himself up.

The captain straightened himself up, and saw that his wrist was sprained. He held it in his other hand as he turned to Jenkins. "Jenkins get me a view on screen three what happened."

"Yes sir! The scanners are somewhat fuzzy but I got it."

"All right what hit us?" Asked Travis as he put his arm in his uniform.

Jenkins just sat there staring at the screen; Travis walked to the screen and peered over the lieutenant's shoulder.

"Oh my god," Travis murmured, "That's not an asteroid that's a Covenant battle group!"

2. war,

****Authors note:**** ok if you have read the fall of reach, this takes place right before the first chapter in that book, and this explains how Locklear became an ODST. thx for the reviews, i'll try to keep writing.

****War****

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****November 18, 2535 ****

****Lambda Serpentis System, above Jericho VII ****

****Aboard UNSC destroyer _Excalibur_****

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"Battle stations!" yelled Captain Travis. "Lieutenant Murphy prep all weapons systems. Lieutenant Jefferson get us to the position I'm sending to your station now. Lieutenant Jenkins I want to know how many are out there, and seal all bulkheads. Lieutenant Reuscher get me Commander Merago's ship. Lieutenants Allan and Lasky I want minutely damage reports." ordered Captain Travis. The crew was still a bit stunned and didn't really move. "That means now! Move it."

Five 'aye, aye captains!' were heard in the room. And then the thumping of locking bulkheads.

"Ahh, sir," said Jenkins, "Merago's ship took a direct hit with by the enemies' plasma rounds. It punched right throw its shields, the cruiser and all hands are gone."

Travis couldn't believe it. Why, him. His last friend. Again he doubted himself, maybe it was his fault. No! he couldn't save his friend but he has his responsibility to his crew.

"Sir, there's two cruisers and one carrier." Said Jenkins.

"Reuscher send a message to fleet command," said Travis, "tell them that a Zahn invasion force has been spotted in the Meridian system, near planet Jericho VII. 'Need assistance immediately. Pass code Alpha niner 7692'."

"Sir," said Jenkins, "the two cruisers are advancing on our position, but the carrier is hanging back. It looks like its going to launch drop ships."

"Their invading Jericho VII!" Gaspd Lieutenant Allan.

"Sir, the two cruisers are splitting up to flank us," said a worried Jenkins, "The carrier is launching drop ships and Seraphs towered the planet."

"Lieutenant Murphy, prep all weapons systems, get the MAC online." Ordered the Captain. "Lieutenant Johnson, keep us going straight."

"Sir, with all do respect, that's suicide," said Jenkins.

"If I wanted your advice I would have asked for it." Said Travis, glaring at Jenkins.

"Jefferson, Wake up the marines, they have a job to do." Travis said, while thinking of a battle plan. God help us.

Private Locklear, woke as he hit the deck of the barracks. He quickly stood as the explosions after math wore off. "What the hell was that!" He yelled.

"Oh god," Said his bunk mate, Private Perez, as he picked himself off the ground. " I don't know, but I think I broke my ass."
> "Oy!" Said his squad mate, private Chips Dubbo, in a heavy Australian. "Thos damn pilots better learn how to fly, or I'm gonna teach em somethiâ€|â€|"<p>

"Attention!" The Marines fell into a lined formation as Sergeant

Banks walked into the bunks. "Alright boys," Although he was only half dressed he looked ready to kick some ass. "The Covy have decided to through a party, and didn't invite us!" He said with a scowl on his face. "I find that rude, and I think we should them some manners! Don't you?"

"HOO-HAA!" Shouted the thirty marines.

"Caporal Rico, get the men dressed and armored now!" Banks said as he walked from the room.

"Yes Sir!" Rico yelled after him, "you heard him boys, I want you men ready two minutes ago."

Locklear was worried, it was his first actual battle. He was scared to death as he remembered about the reports from Harvest. He didn't want to die, but he didn't want to look like a cowered either. All he could do was fight.

3. Marine

Marine

November 18, 2535

**Lamdba Serpentis System, Jericho VII **

Seventeen Pelican drop ships could be seen flying swiftly over the ground.

Locklear sat looking at his squad mates. His best friend, Corporal Rico sitting cross from him, he was the same age as Locklear, twenty eight. He was the squads second in command, and he carried the comm. equipment. Next to Locklear was Private Chips Dubbo, he was the most energetic out of them, at the age of twenty six. All the way from the Outback, he fought like a wildcat. On Locklear's other side sat Private Perez, the squad's sniper, he was young to be a killer, twenty three. Across from Locklear on his right side sat Private Pedro, he was the demolitions man of the squad, his SPNKR sat next to him. At the age of twenty six, he could already make a bomb out of a clock. At the front of the Pelican sat a smoking Sergeant Banks, his cigar half gone. His favorite weapon, the shotgun, at his side. The Sergeant was nearing 4forty five. Yet he could still beat all of them. Next to him sat the missions CO, a lieutenant Wilson. Banks didn't want him here for three reasons, one he was only twenty seven. Two the boy had never been in battle and three because he was a stuck up snot.

"Five minutes to dirt!" called the pilot from up front.

One of the men puked, no one said anything, they all felt the same.

"Lieutenant, Sir!" The pilot called back. "I think you'd better hear this."

Wilson was too frightened to stand, let alone walk that far.

"Put it on speakers." The nervous Lieutenant called back.

"sir, I don't thinkâ€|"

"Do it!" Wilson yelled.

"Yes sir," mumbled the pilot.

Over the speakers a voice could be heard. 'This is lead Pelican, we are approaching the drop zone.' In the background fire could be heard. 'Drop zone is hot; I repeat drop zone is hoâ€|.' The pelican co pilot suddenly screamed, 'watch it! Their rightâ€|.' An explosion, then static.

Banks glanced at his men's frightened eyes, he know they would fight, but he also know they some would die. He starred at Wilson's shaking body. "Sir, I think we should scrub the mission."

Wilson starred at the sergeant, he know if he stopped and turned back his career would be over. No he wouldn't ruin his career on some old mans opinion.

"No! We keep going." Wilson snapped back.

"Sir, might I suggestâ€|" Banks began.

"No you may not suggest anything, just do your job, or you will be demoted." Wilson threatened.

"Yes sir." Mumbled Banks.

"Thirty seconds!" yelled the pilot.

The ship rocked from explosions. Banks decided to lift the men's moral a little.

"Alright lads, time to show these covy bastereds who their messin with." The men began to lift their faces a little. "Remember what we fight for."

"Earth!" shouted the men.

Banks nodded his approval. "Remember that, and you will live for ever."

"Hoo-Hah!" The men bellowed.

The drop ship started to land, the pelican was rocking the whole way down. "This is it," the pilot called from up front. "May God have mercy on you." Shouted the co pilot.

Wilson stood in front, the ramp began to lower and he prepared to jumpâ€|â€|

"God damnit!" Yelled Perez as the Lieutenants blood splatters his face. Wilson's body drops from the ship, with a plasma bolt through his throat.

Rico looks towered Banks. "Looks like your in charge sir."

Banks stepped over the lieutenant's body and motioned for his men.

"Get to cover."

Locklear jumped from the Pelican and ran for a ditch, he leaped in, splattering himself with mud. Perez and Rico slid in beside him. He took a quick look over the crescent of the hole. He quickly ducked as plasma fire flew over his head.

"How many Locklear?" Rico asked.

"Four shades, five ghosts, one Wraith tank, and a mix of grunts, jackals, and elites." Reported Locklear. "All of 'em on top of a steep hill."

Banks heard it over the comm. He didn't like it. "Alright, Pedro I want you to take two other rocketers and head to the left, open fire on the shades when I give the signal. Perez find a good spot and cover us, the rest of you, get ready to move out." Banks cocked his M9 shotgun.

Koy-Koy, was firing at anything that moved, the shade was ripping through the humans. He wanted this over so he could take a break in the methane chambers, he didn't care about the humans, nor did he really care about his grunt brothers. All he wanted was some rest. He saw movement to his left and turned to fire, all he saw was a rocket, and then he got his rest.

Banks watched as three of the shades blow up. "Alright men here we go!" The marines charged from the trenches and ran toward the enemy. The wraith turned and fired.

Locklear saw the ball of plasma coming straight for them. It landed in the mist of five marines, three of them were blown seven feet, and the other two were completely burned. Jackals sprang out in front of them, shields at the ready. Locklear throw a frag over their shields, it blow three of them away.

Banks fired his M9 and spun as the round ripped through a jackal and his shield. He rolled a frag toward a group of jackals and watched as they were ripped to shreds.

Thirty meters away on a hill top, Pedro and three others sat and aimed for the wraith tank. Three dull thuds sounded as the rockets flew from their tubes and struck the wraith. It blew instantly.

"Hoo-Hah, that was good shooting," Pedro said to other two. "Drinks on me!" He stopped as he heard a sound in the distance. He turned to see twenty...

"Banshees!"

4. Evasive

NOTE- im trying to keep writting but my schedule is getting busy, so i may not get the next one out in the next couple of days. thx for all the reveiws. there has been some confusion on the Jenkins character. he is actually the marine jenkins brother. and if you notice some of the marines names are from the games.

Evasive

****November 18, 2535****

****Lambda Serpentis System, above Jericho VII ****

****Aboard UNSC destroyer _Excalibur_****

Travis was at a loss. He stood on the command deck, watching his ship fall apart. The covenant had called for reinforcements. As the Pelican drop ships left the ship, the two cruisers had begun to engage them. He had the ship maneuver out of the first round then fire the two MACs one was a direct hit. The heavy round punched right through the covenant cruiser, the cruiser was tough though, and it was hanging back giving the carrier cover. But the other round was a complete miss, and they paid for that miss.

"Sir! Decks seven through twenty have been breached, and fires on decks twenty eight through thirty. Decks twenty one through twenty seven are, gone." The junior Lieutenant said in sorrow.

"Vent decks twenty eight through thirty." Travis know that men would be caught in the venting, but it was for the greater good.

Lieutenant Jenkins suddenly became very rigid in his seat "Sir, Iâ€¦I think you should take a look at this!" Jenkins Stuttered.

Travis walked over to Jenkins station, and studied the screen. A sense horror came over him.

"Captain! Covenant cruiser is advancing!" Yelled Jefferson.

"Uuhhâ€¦Iâ€¦ I don't know," Travis was at a loss of words, and then it came to him. "Murphy!"

"Sir!"

"Prep all missile tubes, charge the two MACs, and take off the safeties for those nukes."

"Jefferson take us full speed ahead stop on my command."

"Yes Sir."

"Jenkins I need to know the exact moment when they come through alright."

"Yesâ€¦yes sir."

"Murphy, have two those nukes launched from the ship with a salvo of missiles, but don't fire its rockets just have it float, right at the cruiser." Travis said as he watched the covenant vessel gain on them from behind.

"Sir, twenty seconds." Said a frightened Jenkins.

"Jefferson halt the ship here, fire the starboard side thrusters on

my command." Travis stared at the screen as the cruiser prepared to fire its cannons, then as green, and purple light started to bend in front of them.

"Murphy, det those nukes on my command, and prep to fire the MACs straight."

"Yes sir."

The crew watched as covenant ships appeared in front of them, one destroyer and one frigate, and the covy cruiser fired from behind.

"Murphy, fire MAC rounds, Jefferson now!" Travis yelled as he grabbed a hand hold. The ship lurched as the shot sprang forth towered the oncoming ships, and spun as air thrusters shot out, spinning the ship out of the plasma fired from the cruiser.

The crew watched as the two MAC rounds hit the ships, decimating the destroyer's shields, and peeling the frigate. Although the enemy destroyer could still fight, Travis wasn't through yet. The cruisers plasma fire kept going, right into the enemy destroyer.

The crew cheered as the mighty destroyer blow to bits, but soon died down as the covenant cruiser began to recharge its plasma cannons.

"Oh, and Murphy, detonate those nukes." Murphy flipped a switch on his station and watched screen two. The nukes which had luckily floated on each side of the covy ship, blow. The enemy ship was pulverized, its shields went then the after shocks ripped it to shreds, but the other wounded cruiser blow through the floating hunks of metal it turned to recharge its weapons and fire.

"Murphy prep the MAC rounds." Travis said quickly.

"Sir, the MAC systems are over heated, they can't fire."

Travis thought a minute staring at the hole in the enemy ship.
"Jefferson, ramming speed, aim for the covy cruiser."

"Sir, at that speed it would destroy both our ships." Jefferson worried.

"Do it, now, and get ready to fire the thrusters under the ship. Murphy ready all forward missiles and that last nuke to be dropped."

"Yes sir."

The ****_Excalibur_**** was nearly on it when the captain gave his orders. "Murphy drop the nuke, and fire the missiles. Fire lower thrusters, Jefferson." Ordered Travis.

Right before the human ship hit the covenant ship, the ****_Excalibur_**** managed to fly above it, but first the archer missiles hit the enemy ship right in the bow, and the Shiva tactical nuke floating in right behind them.

"Jefferson get us out of here! Murphy prepare to detonate the nuke."

Travis watched the screen as the covenant ship began to turn towered them.

"Now Murphy."

"Aye sir."

The bridge crew watched as the covy ship imploded. Letting out a sigh of relief Jenkins sat back in his seat, thinking bout his brother, Wallace Jenkins. He was probably on Reach right now, now he knew his brother was wrong, fleet has it way easier then marines.

"Jenkins, status on enemy carrier."

Jenkins scanned his screen for a minute. "Sir, its dropping more drop ships and fighters."

"Captain," Lieutenant Reuscher said. "I have contacted FLEETCOM, their on their way."

Travis let out a relieved breath. "Good, status reports."

"MACs offline, ten archer missiles pods left, all Shiva nukes depleted." Said a weary Murphy.

"Engines at four teen percent, reactors red lining." Reported Jefferson.

"All fires and breaches contained." Lasky stated.

Travis knew they wouldn't stand a chance against the carrier in this condition.

"Jefferson, take us to the edge of the system, Jenkins watch that cruiser, Murphy have those archer missiles ready, and Reuscher, get FLEETCOM out here."

"Aye, aye captain."

Travis worried about the marines, he couldn't help them now. They were on their own.

End
file.